ARTEMUS WARD AND PRINCE NAPOLEON.

An original letter from A. WARD ESQ., in our next issue, in which the Prince gives his views upon the War, etc., etc.

VOL. 4. NO. 90.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

SEPT. 14,

1861.

THE GREAT HUMBUG OF THE LONDON TIMES,

NAILED TO THE WALL BY C. H. RAY, OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

From a point two miles and a half from Centreville to Fairfax they rode together, and Mr. RAY asserts that none of the incidents described by Mr. RUSSELL, as occurring in that part of their journey, really took place. He accuses him of downright falsehood, and concludes as follows: The truth is probably this: The imaginative correspondent left the battle-ground before any confusion occurred, and when the retrograde movement was ordered. Hearing the exaggerated stories of what came to be a flight after he got into Washington, on Monday, while the excitement was at its height, he wove them into his letters as facts of his own observation.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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MRS. ROSS ATTENDS A WEDDING.

EPISTLE 9TH.

MR. VANITY :—Ef I haint lived ten year in one week, no mortal never did. You know I hed a telegraff ter cum hum. I was a little scart; I bleve telegrafs scare every body. I dont bleve I told you. LIZZY FISK has bin keepin hous for JEDEDIAH sence Ive bin away. She's a good critter and as hansom as a pictor; and she was jest ded in love with PETER JOHNSON a boy that was brought up in town where her fokes lived, he uster bring her hum from school on his sled when she was a little critter. Well, when she got inter her teans he kinder coarted her, and her fokes was all up as high as ninety about it; and PETER cleard out ter the sutherd; and he rit ter her, and she rit ter him. So it went on seven year. About six months ago, he rit ter her he was comin hum, and she must git ready ter hev the not tied. He was independent, he hed a plantation and niggers ter work it, and she wodent hev ter do so much work, as ter put on her own shoes and stockins. Her fokes halled in theyr horns, about how he cum up as a bound boy, and the gal went ter work and fixed up her close an sich ter be jined ter him. Wal, weak arter weak went and no PETER JOHNSON cum. Bimeby the fokes set in ter talk and marvel one ter tother and finally they set it down that he was one of JEF. DAVISES crew; and they teazed the poor gal enemost ter death. Sed hed jined the *rebbels;* hed never marry a mudsill; her jig was up. Taggits pond the place she lives in, is a place jest large enough ter run two mills ter saw lumber, and manefactor lies, and fur every body ter know more about your concerns then you due yourself. Wal, jest a week ago yesterday, about five o'clock in the arternoon JEDEDIAH and LIZZY was a settin ter the table drinkin theyr tea, when cum a man six foot high bolt in upon um. He was a master big feller weighin over two hunderd, with an eye as sharp as a link, and his face coverd with hair, lookin for all the world like a mouce peakin through a mess of flax; and this critter sed

he was PETER JOHNSON. He told a fair story—sed three or four of JEF. DAVISES followers cum ter him ter jine theyr company ter take down the flag of WASHINGTON and put up theyr snake flag—sed they was putty ruff lookin custermers he dident know um from ADAM, and he got along with them as well as he cood—told um he wood think ont—askt um ter call agin. Jest as quick as theyd gone he took his horse and went out amongst his neighbors, and he found um pretty much stired up, theyr gonter do wonders and theyr want no reason in um. He sed to um hed give up every doller he hed fore hed raize a voice or jine theyr rebel forces. Two days arter he got a letter that sed he had jest three hours ter leave the land or jine theyr band. He sed twant no time ter ponder. So he took all the money he could muster, and his napsack, and got onter his horse and started. He was took down sick the secont nite out and things got wus and wus, and all he thort on wus ter git ter LIZZY, and when he got theyr ef you'l bleve it the critter dident know him from Mathuselm and woodent hev nothin ter say ter him, and he sot off. Arter hed gone she was clean down ter the heal and so JEDEDIAH telegraffed ter me ter cum hum.

Wal, when I got hum they told me the hul yarn. The layel critter, God bless him! Sed I, LIZZY FISK youv missed the figger! True love dont grow in the heart of but amazin fue men in this day and gineration. Ide hev the critter rite on the spot ef he hedent the fust red cent. LIZZY bust out cryin, sed she was feard it want him. Land sakes! sed I, hes got a mark that I ken tell wether its him or kno. I dressed PETER JOHNSON the fust time he ever went inter swaddlin close. I ony wish I cood set eyes on him for jest a secont, and fore the words was farely out of my mouth the critter was rite spat afore me. Them eyes of hissen shined like glass beads. I knowd his voice as quick as scat; and I flew at the critter and histed up the bush of hair under his chin. Sed I, here's the rasin his mother marked him with. LIZZY looked as pale as death. He hild out his hands to her, and the critter run rite inter his arms. And I tell you theyr was water in all our eyes. Theyr was mighty little sed though.

Wal, they went inter the spare room and had a talk, and JEDEDIAH and I sot ter the kitchin fire, (and it was amazin comfortable,) and *we* had a talk. Sed I, JEDEDIAH, these are sich times as this world never knowd afore, and ef theyrs any thing in a body its got ter cum out on um. Now SIMON'S got a great house and three niggers to take care ont; and you dont care for nothin but your book and the newspapers. Now I want you ter go with me and take up quarters with SIMON. Youd orter see how his eyes stuck out, and his mouth was sot open. HITTY, sed he, do you spose Ile give up my home where Ive lived all my life. Why HITTY, is your hed turned by goin ter New York? Sed I, yes it is. I feel ten years younger; Ive thought more in a day there, than I thought in a month fore I went there. And I bleve Ime the better fort. A woman of fifty-five hedent orter go ter seed and die out, in sich times as these. She orter ter be up and doin for her feller mortals every chance she can git. Wal, what did JEDDY do but stare strait at me. He hild his breath so long ef youl bleve me he had ter *groan* ter come to. Wal, sed he, HITTY ROSS tell me your proggict. Sed I, JEDEDIAH, haint we lived as happy as two turkle doves in these quarters? Sed he, yes. Wal, sed I what I want ter do is ter give up the hul out ter LIZZY and PETER, and let them live int till they ken do better, and let them take theyr comfort. He's gin up his plantation ter save this Union; now I wanter giv up my plantation for *their* union. I think its our bounden duty ter do't. Ef fokes hev ter cum North ter save theyr necks or jine the rebbels, let um cum and find homes and warm hearts ter take um hum, and do for um as brothers that love God and theyr country, better than the Allmighty doller. His table was turned; he riz up out of his chear. Sed he, HITTY ROSS, I love you better than the day I was marrid, youre a glorious woman. A hunderd *on you* would save the country! Wal, ef he dident git his jints iled in a hurry; lawful sakes he step about as spry as the day I marrid him.

He went and rapt on the spare room door. Sed he, childern, cum out here! and they cum scart ter death, fur he spoke as sharp as ef he was mad. Sed he, Ime gonter hev you made man and wife in jest about an hour. So he sot off fur the town clark and justiss of the piece and overseer of the poor, (dont be scart! these three offices are hild by one man,) Mis BISSEL and SAMUEL cum in (theyd been ter see the sun set on the mountain,) and afore the hour was out LIZZY FISK was Mis JOHNSON, and our humsted was gin up ter um all standin,—a good horse and waggon, three four year old heffers, chickens, pigs, and every mortal thing; and our town clark was paid five dollers for doin up the hul busiriss, and ef the moon ever riz on a happy set of mortals, twas us that nite. In sich times its a blessed thing that fokes are marked ef ony with a rasin.

Your obedient sarvent,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—In my next letter I'll tell you a yarn that will tickle you.

M. R.

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Natural Consequence of the "Thunder of War."

A bolt.

DON'T SEE IT.

Store Keeper.—CAN'T I SELL YOU A TRUNK, THIS MORNING?

Gentle Milesian.—AN' FOR WHAT?

S. K.—WHY—TO KEEP YOUR CLOTHES IN, TO BE SURE.

G. M.—AND GO NAKED?

Augurs Badly.

The *Herald* has discovered that City Judge McCUNN, late Colonel of the Thirty-Seventh Regiment, was once a carpenter's apprentice. This, if true, may account for two circumstances connected with that extinguished officer: that of his having established a seat for himself upon the Bench, and that of his having Bored his brother officers so much that they were obliged to get rid of him.

There is another circumstance, however, that seems to operate against the supposition that the suppressed insubordinate in question had ever been a carpenter: he is reported to have been anything but handy with his Drill.

Render unto Cæsar, &c.

Until the recent brilliant capture of Fort Hatteras we always supposed the "Last of the Barons" had been executed by Sir E. L. BULWER.

But it appears that our Government has now a still later Barron on hand—the work, chiefly, of Com. STRINGHAM (ominous name!) and Gen. BUTLER. We may add that it is our earnest desire to see this Barron more effectually executed than his celebrated predecessors.

From our Captator Verborum.

Was not that an over-captious critic, who, on the ground of the alleged physical, anatomical impracticability of the feat, objected to the expression (to be found in a recent novel,) "he sat up on his elbow in bed?"

For just consider, how many brave men there are nowadays who habitually sleep on their arms!

Question and Answer.

Question.—Is JOHN BULL'S motive, in befriending the South, one of mercy?

Answer.—Mercy? Nary!

Where is Maury?

The *Petersburg Va. Express*, filled with holy indignation about the victory at Hatteras Inlet, thus gives an Outlet to its feelings:

"We earnestly and devoutly hope, that if no means are devised to drive them off by the Confederate Government, *that the mosquitoes in that section may grow in numbers and size*; that the winds may increase in volume and fury; and that the infamous invader may be phlebotomized and scattered, until there is not one left to desecrate the soil which they have so ruthlessly invaded."

Any remarks V. F. could make upon their fiendish wishes would be superfluous, yet we would like to inquire if they have any mosquitoes at Beaufort, Wilmington, Mobile New Orleans, etc., etc.? if so, they will shortly have to bring on their whole pile.

Thus while the traitors there flee before us, the Vandal Victors are to be phlebotomized, if they presume to remain behind and retain possession of the Scared soil. In the meantime why don't they engage the great sub-marine MAURY to hurry up the winds, or get COBB to try his hand, as he has been so successful in raising the wind lately? It is, however, very evident the Sand Bars of Hatteras would not be a nice thing to do without a large supply of Mosquitoe Bars.

From Fortress Monroe.

Our correspondent assures us that all outcry against the rations there is without cause. The fact seems to be, that although the Dinners were abundant for the troops alone, there were too many Dinahs—an evil, inseparable we suppose, from the Pomp and circumstance of Civil War.

The Housepainter's Own Joke.

Why is No. 3 Ground Lead like a Virginia "Mudsill?"
Because it is a Poor White!

What Is It?

Among the "wants" advertised in the *Herald*, we find the following other mysterious demand:

WANTED—A Man who understands making oil clothing; one who thoroughly understands the business will get a permanent situation.

Shoddy has lately become familiar to us, through the reports of Military Boards; but as to what "oil clothing can be, we are still completely in the dark. Possibly it is something based upon the costume of Ancient Greece: first, because oil is nothing more than ancient Grease boiled down to liquefaction; and, secondly, because the athletes of ancient Greece usually appeared in the arena in a complete suit of oil, and nothing else. We trust, however, that this "oil clothing" is not something to be imposed upon our soldiers; although at the same time, we have not the least objection to oil dressing for our salads.

How are you now, Thomas D?

When the White Feather party tried to hold a meeting, at Middletown, N. J., the other day, a Union meeting, held at the same time and place, rather discomfited them. Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH was mildly but firmly removed from a carriage by a crowd of "hundred boys," and got his hat smashed on peace principles, while Navy-Agent DUTCHER made a vigorous patriotic speech. The doctor was then requested to make a Union effort, but refused, saying that he had "n-n-nothing t-to s-say to th-those g-gentlemen," and was smuggled into a back pantry of the tavern, under the protection of a U. S. Marshal. The boys were somewhat disappointed they had desired a Union speech from a peace man, but had got nothing except a Little Bad ENGLISH.

What the Cabinet wants to increase its efficiency
A good HOLT of Kentucky.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

DRAGOONS are called *dragons* by the French, on account of their being furnished with scales, which are still worn by them upon the shoulders, by way of what lawyers term joint security. The old English legend of St. George and the Dragon originated from the circumstance of a severe hand to hand encounter between the former well-known cavalry officer and a "heavy" of the period, whose uniform coat of burnished scales did not save him from being handsomely speared by Col. ST. GEORGE, of the First Lancers. While on the subject of *dragons*, another saint suggests himself in the premises. The person alluded is St. JAMES, whose Court, as most of our readers are aware, is guarded by two huge *dragons*, one on either side of the great gateway. And here we see a comparison between the Court of St. James and the Garden of the Hesperides, slightly in favor of the former, however, the gates of which are kept by two *dragons*, on horseback, while those of the latter were looked after by only one *dragon*, on foot.

In the days when horse soldiers were encrusted with Scales from head to foot, the Balance of victory was not always in their favor. Weighed in, or down by, their own scales, in fact, they could not always come up to the Standard, which, consequently, was often wrested from them by some rough-and-tumble Pict, uniformed simply in his own cuticle, with, perhaps, an over-coat of blue paint. These Pict men, like some of our own Picked men of Scottish descent, although ever anxious for the battle, and smelling it afar off, never Panted for it, but rather the reverse.

To the closing lines of the previous paragraph the writer earnestly requests the attention of the printer, trusting that the latter will not involve him with the valiant but impetuous Kelt, by substituting the word "bottle" for "battle."

Proceeding with the bold dragoon, however, let us remark that he cannot properly do Justice to himself and others unless provided with a sword as well as with scales. Controversy rages with regard to the best form of sabre for a cavalry arm. There has long been a clashing of interests between the curved one and the straight. If we go to the East for an illustration, however, we shall find that for neat, fancy gashes, the crooked scimetar is not to be surpassed. Drawing the weapon toward him, by peculiar manipulation, as he cuts, the Asiatic takes off head or limb with æsthetic touch, in the true style of art. In his hand, indeed, the sabre No. 1 may be compared to the Faber No. 3 in that of the designer on wood, seeing that both are remarkably useful for Drawing Cuts

With the Asiatic scimetar, however, as with the new fire-work projectiles about to be tested against our country's foes, every thing depends upon EDGE.

THE BEAU'S IDEAL.

One afternoon not long ago,
FITZ HENRY, with a look of woe,
Stood gazing at his hat.
His whiskers drooped, his eyes down-dropped,
His very breath seemed almost stopped,
And sorrow on his forehead sat.

Then unto him CLARINDA said,
"My dear, why bows that noble head,
Pray, what dispels thy wonted smile?"
Quoth he, "Alas, my sister dear,
However strange it may appear,
'Tis true—this tile is *not* the style."

Rebellion Smothered!

It is stated that, in the vicinity of Memphis, there are no less than twenty thousand rebel soldiers under PILLOW.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Lives and Letters of Abelard and Heloise. By O. W. Wight. New-York: M. DOOLADY, 49 Walker-street. 1861.

Whatever may be the opinion of the modern world about Abelard and Heloise, there is no doubt that in their day they were a well chased couple.

It may be thought that he would be a hardy wight to reproduce in these dull book times a work, which, in the most flourishing season, would be "caviare to the general," yet here we have the fact before us.

For further particulars we beg leave to refer our readers to the volume itself.

Ways of the Hour. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. New-York: W. A. TOWNSEND & Co.

Weighs of the hour—eh? oh yes—we've read it. We confidently recommend this sprightly tale to those of our readers who think we have fallen upon heavy Times. If any popular writer could lighten the ponderosity of the Times, it would be—not RUSSELL—nor yet RAYMOND—but COOPER. When we add that DARLEY, who, as we all know is abundantly able, single-handed and alone, to take off objects apparently of the heaviest description, has devoted his best energies to Drawing the Illustrations, the reader need no longer fear that the time occupied in the perusal will hang heavily on his hands. In conclusion, we regard it as a work of Momentous interest.

Short Stories for Leisure Hours, Vol. 1. *No.* 1. *Price* 25 *cents. Tales of the Day, Original and Selected. Monthly. Price* 25 *cents. Vol.* 1. *Nos.* 1, 2, 3, *&* 4. *Boston;* W. CARTER & BRO., & A. WILLIAMS & Co. *New-York:* ROSS & TOUSEY.

The Rebellion Record. Part 5. *New-York:* G. P. PUTNAM.

This number is remarkable for containing two fine Steel portraits of Major-General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, and SIMON CAMERON, Secretary at War: the first of which, to posterity, will possibly prove valuable; the last we are afraid, in its estimation will be valueless.

Portrait of Washington, after Stuart. Engraved by H. W. Smith. Boston: HENRY A. BROWN.

Most appropriate to the times, and most acceptable to every lover of his country, is this truthful likeness of him, whom all civilized nations have learned to honor, and whose wise counsels it has been reserved to his native State to trample upon and contemn.

Perhaps even there, now, this plate would be a more formidable ally than bullets and bayonets, for what traitor to his country could look upon this calm and dignified face unmoved.

And now Mr. BROWN here is a suggestion; suppose you induce the administration to "go in" for two or three hundred thousand of the plates, and let every soldier bear one before him like the Birman Wood dodge of MACDUFF, and see if it will not have the effect of making the rebels return to their allegiance, and prove the downfall of the modern MACBETH DAVIS ESQ.

If you know the ropes it is perfectly easy to do it; all you have to do will be to secure the aid of BROWN, JONES, SMITH and ROBINSON, who have the ear of the War Department, and for a moderate compensation of ten per cent to each, and something to somebody else, (B. J. S. or R. will tell you who) you'll be astonished to find how sure a thing it is after you have "made it all right." Of course you could not expect to make any thing by the operation, but then various patriotic vultures at Washington and elsewhere will, and you can console yourself that you have done a big thing for your Country.

Bloodless Cheek.

On the occasion of the peace meeting fizzle at Middletown, N. J., when THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH narrowly escaped a ride on a Union rail, an eye-witness assures us that that distinguished White Feather orator gave a signal proof of his intention to stand by his principles. Before the crowd took charge of his neck and heels, they called vociferously upon him to show his Colors, which he did by instantly becoming perfectly white.

A Hint.

At present we BURKE Traitors; better STRINGHAM up.

Proper place for Soldiers addicted to Drink.

The Dry Tortugas.

The Clark to do our Business.

J. S. CLARKE, of the Winter Garden.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

First F. F. V.—This is the way for a Southern Gentleman to fight for his Country—is it? Why, I haven't had any breakfast to-day except a swim in the river!

Second ditto.—Breakfast! Why, I've lived two days, now, on an old boot, and a darn poor boot at that!

From the Tabernacle.

The famous trotting mare, Flora Temple, has been put under Marshal law: that is, she has been saddled by a United States Marshal, with the responsibility of her owner, one McDonald, being an officer in the Southern army. The libel was filed against her by Ethan Allen, Assistant United States District Attorney. Private feelings appear to have actuated the latter officer, in this case; as it is well known that Flora Temple not only ran against Ethan Allen more than once, but gave him a good beating besides. There is a hopeful glimpse of the future, however, in this step of the Government. Henry Ward Beecher sees the dawn breaking through it; at least he was heard to say, yesterday, at Crook & Duff's, that, "although he never expected the government to Roof a Church for him, he was glad to find that they had taken to Floor a Temple for the Union."

Cheering!

The *Tribune* the other morning had the following head line to a paragraph:

"Splendid Asters in Bloom."

This intelligence is cheering to all of us, but especially so to Secretary Chase, who, now that he knows the Astors are Coming Out, need have no fears at all as to the success of his appeal on behalf of the National Loan.

Explanatory.

It is said that the subject of the "Parting Him," recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was suggested to its gifted author, the famous medical wit of that periodical, on reading, in a country churchyard, the touching epitaph,

"He was lovely in his life, and in death was not divided."

PUNCH AND YANKEE DOODLE.

Mister Punch your donkey jaws,
True to Nature's function,
Brayed I larn, some rich *ee-haws!*
'Bout Manassas Junction.
All my game you say is brag:
Was it so old noodle,
When on Britain's prostrate flag,
Danced young Yankee Doodle?
Mister Punch &c.

Mister Punch you say I'm whipped;
So thought George the Goney,
But his royal heels I tripped,
Riding on my pony.
I'm the same eternal whelp
Made the mighty poodle
Called the British Lion yelp,
I am—Yankee Doodle!
Mister Punch, &c.

Mister Punch keep cool awhile,
I'm the rebels tracks on,
Yes and you may bet your pile
Soon they'll lie their backs on.
Meantime flap your wings and crow,
But look here, old hunchback,
Every time you give a "blow,"
You shall have a punchback.
Mister Punch &c.

Till I've flaxed the rebels out,
As I flaxed the tories,
You must cotton do without
Though the evil sore is.
If Britannia in the muss,
Thrusts her darned old eel-spear,
I'll bet 'fore she's done with us,
Her old top-knot feels queer.
Mister Punch, &c.

Mister Punch I liked you well;
Why all of a sudden
Did you cut at me, old Fel,
With your weapon wooden?
I'm for peace, but Spindle-shanks
Should your answer "no" be,
Won't I with sound Yankee spanks
Tickle up your Toby.
Mister Punch, &c.

Fashionable Intelligence.

During the late visit of the Prince at Washington, it was observed by several of the suite, that the President, in addition to his whiskers was diligently cultivating an Imperial.

The Daily Newsance.

Why is the *Daily News* like Coal?
Because it has Be(e)n Wood, and is fossilized.

The Overture to all of Wendell Phillips' Speeches.

Toussaint L', formerly of St. Domingo.

A Sound of Rejoicing.

Albemarle.

MISPLACED KINDNESS.

Too many Sugar Plums and too little Beating.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR BROADFELLOW.

RESPECTED VANITY :—Being much interested in the literature of my country, I have seen with regret and chagrin, that out of 1200 M. S. the Committee upon a National Anthem could not select one fit for a prize. As my family physician, Dr. BOLUS remarked, it was the most extraordinary ex-anthematous fever he had ever witnessed in a long practice.

Now, my position as Professor of Belles Lettres and Beaux Arts, in the time-renowned University of Wentford, throws some responsibility upon me, that such a pressing want of the country should not remain unsatisfied. We need another National Anthem. The Star Spangled Banner is good. That Key unlocked the heart of the people. No fault with that. Yankee-doodle is also national, but it is not rational. And Hail Columbia is a good old tune, but the whole of its poetry is comprised in its two titular and initiatory words.

Therefore we want another to be added to these, and to contain more meaning than either of them. The question is, how to do it? The Committee can't do it, the "great Poets" won't, and yet it is to be done. My responsible position before alluded to, warrants my suggesting at this juncture, that the aid of science should be here called in. Science has made the telegraph, the compound blow-pipe and the steam-gun,—so why should not a National Anthem also be constructed upon strictly scientific principles? I believe it can be done; and, without pretending to have succeeded in so arduous an undertaking, I will lay before the readers of your highly instructive periodical some account of a process for it, with the imperfect results of my first experimental procedure therewith.

To produce a formula; let x equal the desired National Anthem; y the subject matter thereof; and z the way to do it.

Then we have

$$x = y + y z + \frac{z}{1 - z + y^2}\, z^3$$

But

$$z = \frac{1 + \sqrt{1 - y^2} + y z}{y^3}$$

Therefore,

$$x = \frac{0}{0};$$

Q. E. D.

It will from this brief exposition, be very plain to the humblest understanding, that our problem is simply reduced to a few questions, the answers to which in ordinary verse will furnish us with the required result.

Thus, for the first verse of the proposed Lyric, we have the questions 1, who? 2, where? As Union is to be the leading idea of the composition, we may, selecting "BRUCE'S Address at Bannockburn" for our melody, resolve those questions in the following lines:

Men, who hear Niag'ra's sound,
Men, who tread the far Gulf's bound,
Ours is Freedom's hallowed ground;
Freedom's heirs are we.
From the White Hills of the North
To the Colorado forth,
One the mighty Nation's birth,
One its destiny.
Hark the watchword as we rally,
Over mountain, plain and valley,
God and Liberty!

If the country is *not ready for this watchword and chorus yet,—it soon will be.*

Upon the same formula (for proof of which see La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, Newton's Principia, &c., &c.) Questions 3 and 4, for the second stanza, would be, 3, what? 4, how? Answered thus:

Who hath sky of brighter gleams?
Broader lakes, or braver streams?
Eden-like, our wide land teems
With fertility.
Strong are we, with strength untold;
Span of iron, ribs of gold;
Firm in earth's foundations old,
Our security.
Hark the watchword, &c.

And, now that we have got our Parnassian locomotive (the idea of Pegasus is antiquated and Pagan) under headway, we may let it run without any more whistling.

Now, the Eagle sweeping o'er
Our vast empire's wave-girt shore,
Sees one margin,—hears the roar
Of one winding sea.
Ours the realm of rock and river
Binding all with nought to sever;
God has made us *one forever,*
By a wise decree!
Hark the watchword, &c.

One in blood, from many sires,—
Mingled by baptismal fires;
One in pure faith that aspires
To eternity.
One, in household words and prayers;
One, in strength that does and dares;
One, in all men prize, as heirs
Of high memory.
Hark the watchword, &c.

By rich blood our fathers shed;
By the wisdom of our dead,
Painting paths for us to tread,
In fraternity;
By past deeds of glory done;
By our name of Washington,
Hallowed is our Union,
Deathless it must be!
Hark the watchword, &c.

So much for the application of Algebra to Lyric Poetry. In younger and abler hands, it might have done better. We have however, still a future.

Yours patriotically,
B. BROADFELLOW.

BUSINESS CARDS—THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

"TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

RAINBOW & SON Photographers, corner of Day & Night-sts., return many thanks for the Countenance of the Public so frequently bestowed upon them. Being accustomed to taking the I's and No's of the People, they flatter themselves that the general verdict is greatly in their favor.

Their Photographs are noted, when done, for their complete finish. Prices moderate, so as to place their pictures ready to be hung up within the reach of everybody, high or low. Untouched Photographs perfectly magical when considered as such.

Dubious days need inspire no hesitation. The duller it is the more ready they are for business. Pictures taken weather rain or shine. Persons at all times leave with the most favorable impressions of their skill.

Engravings copied to a line, Animals to a hair. Soldiers taken at a regular charge. Every branch of Landscape picturing attended to at sight. Country seats visited with alacrity.

Deceased persons drawn to the life and Daguerreotypes of the dead, if not too far gone, revivified by a Galvanic process. Prices in this grave department are a shade advanced upon other pictures, a matter hardly to be considered however, in the satisfaction of having a dear one before you.

Homely persons with a laudable desire to get only the worth of their money, and put out of countenance by the impatience and ignorance of other operators, will be flattered with the attentions of this Establisment. Ladies are assured that their jewelry and other ornaments, as well as dress, will be taken off with skilful effect by competent hands. Graceful attitudes and expressions of the features, to suit circumstances, inculcated. A large assortment of Theatrical studies kept for that purpose.

The infantile Department is superintended by an experienced workman, the very reverse of those unfeeling operators, who can never behold an infant in arms without becoming nervous, and who have had the effrontery, as we are informed, to tell mothers who affectionately adorn their babies with old fashioned family trinkets, that the taste was vulgar and ridiculous. The efforts taken to secure the attention of the little creatures, such as making faces at them, (which mothers should be careful to construe rightly,) and playing the Injun, together with a new invention called the fiddle-faddle, are well worth for themselves a visit to our Rooms.

A never failing object of curiosity is our Rogues Gallery, where the faces are scrutinized with peculiar interest and many curious reflections made. Besides this, our immense collection of original views and portraits is always open to the inspection of the public, free of charge, including Heads of Department, Ministers in Cabinet, Bodies of Note, Sites of Ancient Rome, &c., &c.

OUR OWN ARTIST SKETCHING "A VIEW OF GEN. BANKS' ARMY ON THE SPOT, FROM A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST."

A Chance for Heroes.

"I don't see it," said AUGUSTUS jocularly, as he read an editorial in the *Evening Post* of the 3d inst., "and yet there may be a joke in it. BILLY BUTTS, the Zouave, died very bravely at Bull Run, but I don't see he rose afterwards."

Saying which he smiled very pleasantly, and resumed his pen to finish off his weekly contribution to the sparkling Sunday paper of which he is the happy correspondent.

No Mo[illegible] on that Head.

At the late meeting of the Social Science Congress at Dublin, the question of the Cotton Supply came up, and the report before us says that there was some talk of obtaining the article from the "Ryots of India."

We cannot but think there is some mistake here, for England has surely got all that she desires from the Riots of India already.

The Fleet of Foot.

The Gun-boat fleet in the Mississippi is under the command of Captain FOOT, of the Navy. Does Foot's Fleet consist of ten-toe boats?

A NEW TUNE FROM THE SCOTCH FIDDLE.

The immaculate *Herald* is in great tribulation because the Hon. JOSEPH HOLT is endeavoring by his eloquence to keep alive the Northern enthusiasm, and also by this means help our gallant Union brethren in Kentucky and Tennessee. Hear this precious Scotch fiddler.

"Let him go to Kentucky, whose fortunes are balancing in the wind, and where his accomplishments as a stump speaker may be of some use. If there, as here, the time be gone by for talking, he can at least shoulder a musket and do good service in the field in defence of the Union and of his native State against the encroachments of the Southern traitors."

When JOSEPH HOLT was laboriug at the oar to save this Union from shipwreck under the last days of an imbecile and thievish administration, the itching palm of the Sawney of the *Herald* was stretched forth for the subsidies that corruption in office had yet to bestow, and most zealously did this Scotch Reiver work for his Southern masters against the peace and prosperity of the city that had fostered the ingrate.

Against the man, who, in "the heat and burden of the day," threw himself into the breach to battle with Treason, this eleventh hour hypocrite, fearing for the safety of his congenial spirit in the War Department, now seeks to raise his hand. If he will only preserve this attitude and hereafter not seek to be over him when the voice of the people is heard and answered at Washington, we will pardon him now; the only fear we have is, that with the consummate impudence and egotism for which he has become famous, in the day of power of JOSEPH HOLT, he will then industriously seek to convince the public that "the *Herald* was foremost to discover the latent virtues in the man that an ungrateful Republic was tardy to recognize."

CAMERON and BENNETT: BENNETT and CAMERON: *Arcades Ambo:* They are worthy of each other. It is retributive justice that condemns SIMON CAMERON to accept of the nauseous doses of the *Herald*, and there is no surer evidence to the Country that the War Department needs a purification than when JAMES GORDON BENNETT vainly seeks to avert it by a censorious attack upon the man to whom the Nation is now stretching wide its arms as the only man for the emergency which is now upon us. CAMERON and BENNETT: BENNETT and CAMERON: We may well say with JAFFIER, "Faugh! how it stinks."

The Calumet, Again.

A "Peace Banquet" was to have come off, lately, in a small cigar-making town in Connecticut, but a crowd of Union boys scattered the secessionists far and wide. These last now claim a victory, on the ground that it was, after all, a Peace Meal affair.

Tucker-ed Out.

The *Daily News*.

Curtis vs. English.

Some time since the chivalry of the South objected to Mr. G. W. CURTIS being employed upon HARPER & BROS. Magazine and Weekly, on account of his Abolition sentiments, otherwise, loyalty to the Union, which, we believe, resulted in a temporary dismissal of that gentleman. We beg leave most respectfully to observe to Messrs. H. & B., that they have an individual who occasionally figures in their magazine, named THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, who has recently suffered an enlargement of his ears, and has endeavored to reproduce the John Donkey in New Jersey. Perhaps it would be as well for them now to pay some little regard to the outraged feelings of Union men at the North, and not parade this person any more in their pages, if they wish to keep up a healthy circulation.

Mr. BONNER of the N. Y. *Ledger*, will please also take notice, and not assist in giving aid and comfort to these Wolves in Sheep's clothing.

A Beggarly Scot.

Another chivalric son of Old Virginia has turned up, in the person of ROBERT G. SCOTT, Consul at Rio Janeiro, who has used his position to give notice to the Rebels of desirable vessels to plunder.

This officious gentleman first brought himself into notoriety by writing letters to the candidates for the Presidency in 1852, and was duly rewarded with a lucrative office. V. F. hopes the Government will not fail to reward him for his latest epistolary effort, by elevating him still higher when they get hold of him, or at least reserve for him a comfortable apartment in Fort Lafayette, or elsewhere, where pen, ink and paper will be kept out of his reach. As the traitor has been making himself very free with the disposition of the coffee of other persons, this return he would no doubt find to be "very bad coffee" for himself.

DIED TO HONOR,
ON THE 12TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1861.
THOMAS A. R. NELSON.
OF
TENNESSEE.

New and True.

Whatever the Southerners may think about Bull Run, they have now discovered that "the Battle is to the"—*Fleet.*

TO OBLIGE THE "DAILY NEWS."

WHEN SHAKESPEARE'S brain was swelling in the gorgeous temples of its own gigantic splendors, flinging to his own time and to posterity with random hand, as from an inexhaustible store, the very brightest and richest gems of pathos, tenderness and humor, the fagots were blazing beneath the feet of martyrs, and the shrieks of racked and mangled men were heard in the torture rooms of the London Tower.

That true and loyal sheet, the *Daily News*, for whose vaticinations the Dishonorable BENJAMIN WOOD so grandiloquently announces himself "responsible," contained the other morning an unusually bloody article entitled "The Passion for War," from which we extract the above lucid sentence.

Without commenting upon the fling at the immortal SHAKESPEARE, whom the *News* evidently looks upon as a Swell Head, we think we see in the article of our contemporary a desire to institute a modern parallel to the above-mentioned state of things. This parallel, with that nobility of soul which characterizes us, we herewith furnish :

"When the sumptuous brain of Stephen H. Branch was a-swelling and a-swelling in the gorgeous third-story-back of his colossal imagination, flinging out with a *Daily Hand* those iridescent remarks upon the course of PETER COOPER and DANIEL F. TIEMAN, that, in their time, arrested the attention of the whole civilized globe, flag officer Barron and 673 other high-minded Southerners were shedding tears of agony at the cruel fortune which doomed them to confinement upon Bedloe's Island in New York Bay."

We trust this will do for the *News*, for, as Moses sententiously remarked of the bullrushes, a little of this sort of thing goes a great way.

AUTHENTIC ABOUT JEFF. DAVIS.

There is so much conflicting intelligence about the death of the Rebel leader that V. F. felt it necessary to go to head-quarters for information, and, all other reports to the contrary, from the sulphurous smell of the telegraph we are no doubt on the right scent. The correspondence will explain itself.

NEW YORK, 5 Sep.

DEAR SIR :—As nobody seems to know the whereabouts of JEFF just now, can you enlighten us? Yours, truly,

VANITY FAIR.

HON. BEN WOOD, Clifton House, Niagara Falls, Canada.

CLIFTON HOUSE, 6 Sep., '61.

MY DEAR VANITY :—In reply to yours of 5th inst., as I was also very anxious about JEFF, I telegraphed below, and I enclose my message and the answer. Yours, win or lose,

BEN WOOD.

[*Per Brimstone Telegraph Co., to Hades.*]

CLIFTON HOUSE, 5 Sep.

Any news of JEFF DAVIS yet down there?

BEN. WOOD.

To OLD SCRATCH, Hades.

HADES.

Not come along yet. Expect him shortly—have a nice warm place for him. Drop in and see me soon yourself—bring VAL and BURNETT along. OLD SCRATCH.

As this is the very latest intelligence from a kindred spirit, we have every reason to believe it is to be relied upon.

The poor Author's Crypt.

His manuscript.

The Lore Classes.

The higher ones.

CAMPAIGNING—THE PICKETS.

The Picket Guard is accounted the most hazardous and responsible of a soldier's duties. In this position, being of some importance, he will take care to hold every one at a proper distance. He will bid all comers, stand and deliver—the countersign. This injunction to stand is perpetual. So that if your commander, who at all other times would be your superior, approaches your picket whilst drunk, you are to bid him stand likewise. He is shot if he don't.

These rules would appear to evidence a disposition to quarrel, or to pick it, as it were—with everybody, which perhaps suggested the name itself. But after challenging a man, you are not allowed to fight him by any of the rules of war, nor yet of the prize ring—though you may hold him in chancery—as it were—and call for the sergeant-at-arms. If he does not see the point, present your bayonet at him.

In case something moves near a sentinel he will demand "Who comes there?" though the object may be going from him. This rule is general, as the articles of war suppose in any case somebody is attempting to "come it" over him. If the party refuse to stand after being twice bid to do so, give him a proper discharge.

The ordinary sentinel is close to camp and rarely uses severe measures, but a picket always goes to extremes. He stands under trees twigging Treason, in hollows watching Deceit, and looks for a surprise upon Raised Browse. Being enveloped in darkness, he should be careful lest an unseen bullet let daylight into him.

If posted in pairs and attacked, one sets off his gun, while the other sets off for the guard. It is a hard case he should desert his comrade, but the articles of war say there is no help for it. If one goes to the top of a hill for a view, he will look out for himself. If he lose his life whilst thus exposed, the other can run for it. Sentinels are often required to take to their legs, but never to quit their arms.

Pickets like little children, should be seen and not heard. They communicate with the interior by signals, such as fluttering a handkerchief, which would signify something was in the wind, or other significant motion. They are not allowed to build fires, being continually exposed to the fire of the enemy, which is sufficient of itself to keep a man in a perspiration. The poor fellow is even debarred his pipe, which is depriving him of his solace indeed.

The countersign is sometimes carried off by the guards, usually by a Picket, who takes it into his head to go over with it to the enemy. Sometimes it escapes—the guards recollection. The importance of watchwords is vital to the safety of a camp, for if every one was allowed to enter, things would come to a pretty pass indeed.

There is a wooden stake used to fasten cavalry horses, which is called a Picket, but must not be confounded with the Picket we are describing, though many of the latter are mere sticks to be sure, and are being driven in at that. It is remarked that soldiers become old and knowing in a short time—this is hardly to be wondered at however, when it is reflected that in the short two hours of a Picket's duty he very often lives an age.

AUTUMN SCENE.

(STUDY FROM NATURE.)

D——n that mosquito! Don't rebuke
The somewhat rude expression ;
Don't moralize—I cannot brook
A single word, or e'en a look
Of argument upon that head—
I'm bound to stick to what I said
Nor make the least concession—
Hang that mosquito!

That's forty-seven times—here goes!—
That's forty-eight—at him
I've struck annihilating blows;
I've bunged my eye and hurt my nose ;
I've smashed my standing collar down,
And of my hat I've broke the crown
And battered all the brim—
Hang that mosquito!

And still around I see him flit,
And hear his vexing strain ;
And I am always to be bit,
And he is never to be hit—
Hold!—now again he hovers near,
And now he settles—on my ear—
Ha! now I'll squelch him!—missed again!!
Hang that mosquito!